

*K. Shakspeare (W.) [Cathartes]*  
**T H E B E E;**  
OR, A  
COMPANION  
TO THE  
SHAKESPEARE GALLERY:

CONTAINING A  
CATALOGUE-RAISONNÉ  
OF  
ALL THE PICTURES;  
WITH  
COMMENTS, ILLUSTRATIONS, AND REMARKS.

*By H. Popham*

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*Pascuntur & arbuta passim,  
Et glaucas salices, cassamque crocumque rubentem,  
Et pingues tiliam, & ferrugineas hyacinthos. Vire, Groat,  
Ego, opii Matine  
More modeque, ————— Hor.*

Not only from the Lily or the Rose  
Th' industrious BEE collects his honied store;  
Some sweets he gathers from each flow'r that blows,  
Nor leaves a sting because it yields no more.

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L O N D O N:  
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## ADVERTISEMENT.

**S**HOULD it be asked by what authority the BEE presumes to decide on the merits of this Gallery, he will answer—that the criticisms are not from the judgment of one individual, but of a *hive of fellow labourers*. It is for this reason, that the BEE speaks indifferently in the singular or plural number: and, though some allowance may be claimed for inaccuracy in the style of a work written and printed “on the spur of the occasion,” yet the judgment has been formed at leisure, because the BEE has, long ago, found admission to the Easels of the respective Painters.



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# INTRODUCTION,

## Explaining the Design of the BEE.

**I**T is the necessary consequence of perfection in any of the Polite Arts, to create either fastidiousness, or envy; and this remark is equally true, with respect to individuals, or to a nation at large: thus, the daubing, or rude sculpture, which delights a clown, or a savage, is beneath the criticism of a Connoisseur, or an enlightened People; and in proportion as excellence becomes more general, mankind become more difficult to please. We might therefore conclude that England is arrived at a very high degree of perfection in the *Art of Painting*, from the obloquy and severity of criticism with which its professors have, of late, been so illiberally attacked; but we have now far better grounds for the assertion, since the Genius of the British Nation has been called forth to quit the narrow limits of representing Portraits, and to display

itself in the more ample field of Poetic and Historical Subjects.

The bold design of the *Shakespeare Gallery* does honour to the Individuals who conceived it, to the Poet whose genius it illustrates, and to the Nation for whose inspection it is opened. But the national advantages to be derived from the encouragement thus held forth to Artists, may be impeded by the misrepresentations of Jealousy and Envy, the false criticisms of Ignorance, or the equally dangerous influence of unskillful or malicious Wit. In some measure to counteract this evil, the BEE\* again comes forth, professing himself the champion of the Arts, and friend of Artists.

Veneration for Antiquity may be a laudable passion in the human breast; but we seem to carry it too far, when we deny that Modern Works will bear no comparison with those of former times. It is not always to their superior merit that the latter owe their value, but rather to that awe which

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\* The design of the BEE was more fully explained in the Introduction to that of 1788, which contains a brief abstract of the Principles of Painting; some few copies of which, remaining unfold, may be had of the publisher.



which the approbation of ages necessarily excites: thus, when the statues of a Bacon, a Banks, or a Nollkens, shall have resisted the tooth of Time as long as those of a Phidias, or a Praxiteles, their marble will acquire a hardness through which the shafts of Envy will not be able to penetrate: thus, also, whatever the present generation of carping Critics may say of this great collection, the BEE will boldly prophesy, *that what the GALLERY of FLORENCE is now—shall be a few years hence the SHAKESPEARE GALLERY.*

This opinion, however bold, is not hastily taken up: it is founded jointly on the merit of the Pictures, and the consideration that the Subjects are more interesting.—Those of the ancient schools, being chiefly taken from the Sacred Writings, have not only a sameness, but often contract a degree of ridicule which weakens their effect, by daring to represent what are not properly objects of sight: these, on the contrary, illustrate scenes with which we are all acquainted—events in which we all participate—and subjects that touch the heart, and “come home to men’s bosoms.”

The Works of our immortal Bard yield the most ample variety of subjects: here, the serious  
and

and the gay, the sacred and the ludicrous, the pastoral, historic, and majestic, all find a place; and even the most extravagant flights of fiction and inventive fancy, by his touch, assume an air of reality and truth: here, the Painter may display his judgment, or learning, in the habits, costume, and drapery of his historic subjects, or his imagination in those of the poetic kind: in short, there is no action, passion, situation, or effect, which may not be illucidated and enforced by such combined efforts of the pen and pencil.

Through *Shakespeare's* soul, the GENIUS, of BRITISH POETRY poured forth the most wondrous efforts of the *Pen*; and, by the same channel, the GENIUS of BRITISH PAINTING now displays the choicest Productions of the *Pencil*.

Impressed by these considerations, the BEE was induced to remove his labours hither, and to quit his original design of commenting on the Pictures of the Royal Academy, where the multitude of portraits, and less interesting objects, rendered it impossible to take notice of every Picture; while here, each subject will call forth some occasion for remark.

And



And now, as a true friend to Artists, they must be told, that they themselves have often been the greatest enemies the Arts could have, since no foe is so dangerous as one whose situation should insure him for a friend. Professors of Painting have mistaken their true interest, in supposing that they could raise their own reputation by detracting from the merit of their competitors: one man will have excellence unattainable by another; and each will have faults of a different kind to counter-balance any degree of merit, for Nature confers genius with a scanty hand. In *Rubens*, we admire the colouring and composition; in *Michael Angelo*, the correctness and gusto of design; in *Titian*, the colouring chiefly attracts our notice; and in the divine *Raphael*, we see expression blended with a large proportion of the other three requisites: but from no painter, ancient or modern, ought they all together to be expected. For this reason, in the following pages let no one be offended, if, after pointing out the beauties of his production, some notice should be taken of what appears defective: it is to serve the Arts, that the BEE will occasionally show his sting; and where he wounds, let this honey be applied, “*indiscriminate praise is often construed into censure.*”

It is the earnest wish of the BEE, to mitigate that jealousy of rival excellence which disgraces every liberal Art; therefore, to those who are employed in this mighty undertaking, as well as to those who hope to be so, let him recommend an endeavour to discover beauties, rather than defects: so will every Painter become a BEE of the same hive, working to the same great end—the advancement and perfection of his Art.

*Omnibus una quies operum, labor omnibus idem.*



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# T H E B E E ;

OR, A

COMPANION

TO THE

SHAKESPEARE GALLERY.

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No. I.

T. E M P E S T.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Painted by Mr. WRIGHT, of Derby.

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**T**HIS Picture represents the Cell of Prospero, who is entertaining Ferdinand and Miranda, according to his promise—

—————“ For I must  
“ Bestow upon the eyes of this young couple  
“ Some vanity of mine art.” ———

The moment chosen, is that in which Prospero, starting suddenly, recollects mischief plotting against him; and says to himself,

—————“ I had forgot that foul conspiracy  
“ Of the beast Caliban, and his confederates,  
“ Against my life: the minute of their plot  
“ Is almost come. ———

B

In

In the back-ground, we may observe Caliban,  
Trinculo, and Stephano,

—————"Red-hot with drinking;  
"So full of valour, that they smite the air  
"For breathing in their faces."————

The Painter has judiciously contrasted the amazement of the two Lovers: Ferdinand seems to be rapt in admiration of the vision, and says—"Let me live here ever."

On the contrary, Miranda, to whom these effects of her Father's power may be supposed more familiar, seems lost to every thought but that of the beloved Ferdinand.

Mr. WRIGHT's peculiar excellence in managing strong lights, is happily exerted in this subject; and those who may object to it, in comparison with some wonderful proofs he has given of representing the light of fire, or moon-lights, must remember, that in those Nature was his guide: here the light is made to proceed from an ideal source, "an insubstantial pageant, and such stuff as dreams are made of;" therefore he was at liberty to treat it with all the gaudy colouring which we see in the mask of Juno, Iris, Ceres, &c. &c.



## No. II.

## MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

## ACT II. SCENE I.

Painted by Rev. Mr. PETERS, R. A.

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HOW insensible to beauty must that man be, who can think of faults with such a Mrs. Ford before his eyes! She is surely the most wicked, seducing object of desire, that ever tempted man, to make a fool of him. She is now comparing her letter from Sir John Falstaff with that he sent to Mrs. Page, and cries out with infinite vivacity,

“ Why, this is the very same; the very hand; the very  
“ words: What doth he think of us?”

Mrs. Page more seriously observes, that they are  
“ Letter for letter, but that the name of Page and Ford  
“ differs.”

And so indeed do their persons.—Yet, for the sake of the white sattin drapery, so naturally represented, we ought to overlook the forced attitude of Mrs. Page. Critics who will allow no excellence in modern Artists, compared with those of former times, may be asked how far the Colouring of this Picture and its Companion fall short of that of Rubens;—and the answer will be the test of truth or prejudice.

## No. III.

## MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

## ACT IV. SCENE II.

Painted by Mr. DURN O.

FALSTAFF escaping from the jealous Ford's house, under the disguise of Mother Pratt, the old woman of Brentford.

" *Mrs. Page.* ]—Come, Mother Pratt, come, give me your  
" hand.

" *Ford.* ]—I'll prat her—cut of my doors, you witch! [*beats*  
" *him*] you hag, you baggage, you poulcatt, you ron-  
" yon! out! out!

This, and its Companion (No. XXI), are the performances of an Artist now studying in Italy. We must allow considerable humour in some of the faces represented: but they are not of this country; they rather remind us of Italian characters.

No. IV.



## No. IV.

## MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

## ACT. V. SCENE I.

Painted by Mr. KIRK.

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THE Duke, in the disguise of a Friar, having detected the villainy of Angelo, to whom he had delegated his power during his absence, discovers himself to the guilty Regent. The expression of fear and horror is well marked in the features of Angelo, who is made to rush forward with great effect: and, as the performance of a young Artist, there are many things to praise in this Picture: the fore-shortening of Angelo is a difficulty well surmounted. But it is particularly our duty to observe where the Painter does not follow the Poet literally.—The Duke says to the Coxcomb Lucio,

“ Sneak not away, Sir; for the Friar and you  
 “ Must have a word anon.——

Therefore, in him, the action of sneaking away would have been very proper. But the great Shakespeare enters minutely into the characters of men; and though such a one as Lucio would naturally make an effort to escape for the moment, with the exclamation—

“ This may prove worse than hanging;”

yet

yet Angelo's detected guilt would; at first, rob him of all power of utterance or exertion; and he would rather shrink into his chair, than start from it. His coadjutor Escalus, indeed, might rise: his offence was only words *spoken in ignorance*; and, therefore, to him the Duke mildly says,

“What you have said, I pardon: sit you down:”

then sternly turning to Angelo—it clearly appears that he is supposed sitting, by the Duke's saying

“We'll borrow place of him—Sir, by your leave—

“Hast thou or word, or wit, or impudence,

“That yet can do thee office.—”

This censure, which the nature of our work renders indispensable, ought not to rob the Picture of the merit it possesses, in bringing together and distinguishing all the persons supposed to be present: for, besides those already mentioned, Isabella and the Friar Peter give fair promise of rising excellence.



## No. V.

## COMEDY OF ERRORS.

## ACT V. SCENE I.

Painted by Mr. RIGAUD, R. A.

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THIS is one of the most intricate of all Shakespeare's plays ; and the subject must have been very difficult to represent : to those who are not already acquainted with it, we find it not easy to describe the scene. From the exact resemblance of the two *Antipholis*'s, and their servants the two *Dromio*'s, great confusion happens, till in the last Act the discovery is made, which is the subject of this Picture. *Ægeon* being brought for publick execution in a street before the Priory, an *Abbess* to whom *Ægeon* proves to be the husband, clears up the mystery by producing the Syracusan *Antipholis* and *Dromio*, and shewing that there are two of each. The likenesses of there twins and their servants are so justly preserved, that the Duke might well say,

“ One of these men is Genius to the other ;  
 “ And so of these : which is the natural man,  
 “ And which the spirit ? who decyphers them ? ”

The

The wife, who stands betwixt the twins, exclaims,

“ I see two husbands, or mine eyes deceive me.”

This lady's surprise and admiration, together with the chasteness of the whole figure, are excellently contrasted with the loose attire and mercenary conduct of the *Courtesan*, who seems only intent upon her interest.

“ Sir, I must have that Diamond from you.”

The same spirit guides the hand of *Angelo* to his property, saying,

“ That is the Chain, Sir, which you had of me.”

These two sordid characters are described, both by the Poet and Painter, as the only persons indifferent to the surprise discovered in all the rest: and when we consider how many persons are necessary to the scene, we must make allowance for the flutter of Colouring which some less candid critics have objected to this Artist's works. *Ægeon's* figure is worthy observation for knowledge and correctness of design.



## No. VI.

## MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING,

## ACT III. SCENE I.

Painted by Rev. Mr. PETERS, R. A.

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*HERO* and *Ursula*, having purposely drawn in their friend *Beatrice* to listen to their conversation, are now beguiling her with a fictitious story that *Benedick* is desperately in love with her, and thus endeavour to cheat her into a mutual passion, well knowing

—————“ Of this matter  
“ Is little Cupid’s crafty arrow made,  
“ That only wounds by hearsay.”

*Beatrice* listens,

“ And greedily devours the treacherous bait.”

There is a brilliancy and harmony of colouring in this picture, which should compensate for any faults; yet there seems one which the Bee must not pass over unnoticed, viz. a trifling deviation from the text of Shakespeare. *Beatrice* is beguiled to

—————“ Steal into the pleached bower,  
“ Where honeysuckles, ripen’d by the sun,  
“ Forbid the sun to enter.” —————

C

And

And we are afterwards told, that she,

—————“ Even now,  
“ Is couched in the woodbine coverture.”

She might therefore have been less conspicuous, especially as there was such a Hero in the piece: and if it were reasonable to expect all things from the same hand, the BEE might have found flowers more natural in the honeysuckle-bower, which abounds rather with a kind of drooping sea-weeds foreign to their situation. But *non omnia possumus omnes*: the hand which could paint Hero, does not belong to a mere Flower-painter. Well might Claudio say of such an one.

“ In mine eye she is the sweetest lady that I ever look'd on.”

Therefore, notwithstanding what the Bee has thought it his duty to hold forth respecting this picture,

If to its share some trifling errors fall,  
Look on *her* face and you'll forget them all.



## No. VII.

## MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

## ACT IV: SCENE I.

Painted by Mr. HAMILTON, R. A.

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*HERO*, being falsely accused through the villainy of *Don John*, is here publicly shamed by her Bridegroom at the altar, where she is going to be married.

Few people will need an explanation of this subject. The play is frequently acted; and the characters not only speak for themselves, but are habited in some measure as we are used to see them on the stage. This circumstance was not necessary to be attended to in general, because it might frequently mislead; but those who have seen the judicious taste displayed by Mr. Kemble in his *Coriolanus*, might perhaps declare there would be no danger in copying from so nice an observer of classic drapery.

The contempt expressed by Claudio, the villainy of Don John, the fainting of Hero, and the surprise of the Priest, must be too obvious to need a comment; and there is a warm glow of sunshine over the whole piece, that is enchanting.

## No. VIII.

## MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

## ACT IV. SCENE II.

Painted by Mr. SMIRK.

THE villainous plot mentioned in the preceding No. VII. is here discovered by the Watch having overheard *Borachio* tell *Conrade* "that he had received a thousand ducats of Don John, for accusing the lady Hero wrongfully." They are brought before *Dogberry* and *Verges*, two foolish officers, to be examined. In the characters of these important personages there is infinite humour and expression: indeed the *Vis comica* appears in every part of the picture. Observe the self-sufficiency of *Verges*, whom Shakespeare makes to say very little, but whose looks speak "the insolence of office;" the extravagant wrath of *Dogberry*, who seems to be uttering,

"O villain! thou wilt be condemn'd into everlasting  
redemption for this."

and the earnestness of the *Sexton*, who writes the examination with such solemn gravity, that we think we hear him, at the close of each sentence, say,—"What else?"

Though the same features occur in many of the figures, yet they are all natural, and all concur in the general idea of humorous effect, without extravagance or caricatura. In short, since the days of Hogarth, we have never seen so much natural humour so well represented.

No. IX.



No. IX.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Painted by Mr. HAMILTON, R. A.

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THIS Picture is uninteresting in its story, being simply a Princess asking a Forester,

—————“Where is the bush  
“That she must stand and play the murderer in?”

And he answers,

“Here by, upon the edge of yonder coppice;  
“A stand, where you may make the fairest shoot.”

The lady is exactly copied from Shakespeare's words, as one to whom Nature was so bountiful in graces, that she

—————“Did starve the general world beside,  
“And prodigally gave them all to he.”

But the Artist has done more; for, besides the beauty and elegance of the Princess, the same bewitching beauty is extended to the landscape and accompaniments, which represent a pavilion in a park, with a distant view of the King's palace in Navarre.

No. X.

No. X.

MIDSUMMER - NIGHT'S DREAM.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Painted by Mr. FUSELI.

“ The Poet’s eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,  
 “ Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to  
 “ heaven;  
 “ And, as Imagination bodies forth  
 “ The forms of things unknown, the Poet’s pen  
 “ Turns them to shape, and gives to airy nothing  
 “ A local habitation and a name.”

HOW applicable is this description to the enthusiastic Painter of this wild and whimsical subject!

By the power of enchantment, *Titania*, the Queen of Fairies, becomes enamoured of a simple Lubber, whose head has been transformed into that of an ass; and commands her fantastic elves to serve him,

“ And do him courtesies.”

With the head he possesses all the inclinations of an ass, and asks for oats, and hay, and pease. The awkward position of this figure is excellently suited to his character: he employs one fairy (*Peaseblossom*) to scratch his head, another (*Mustardseed*) to rub his nose; and to another (*Cobweb*)



(*Cobweb*) he says—" Monsieur Cobweb, good  
 " Monsieur, get your weapons in your hand, and  
 " kill me a red-hipt humble-bee on the top of  
 " a thistle." These the Painter has ingeniously  
 distinguished. But we must now take notice of  
 other personages which his own creative fancy  
 has supplied. Immediately behind the Queen are  
 two Maids of Honour, in whom all passion seems  
 subdued by awful reverence of the royal pre-  
 sence; yet we may trace the native contrast of a  
 coquette and prude in these two characters: to the  
 right of the Queen are two attendants who seem  
 of more consequence than maids of honour;  
 and on the left is a female figure, to whom Age  
 seems subject, though she herself is subjected to  
 Flattery. At the back of her is *Puck* or *Robin*  
*Goodfellow*, the treacherous elf who is the cause  
 of all this confusion, and who seems to enjoy this  
 mischief, and point out the consequences with  
 his fingers. There is also a delightful laughing  
 French-faced girl offering strawberries; and in the  
 fore ground, amongst a variety of elves and fairies,  
 are Moth and a little Chrysalis her progeny: but  
 here seems also the little Indian Child, which has  
 no business in the scene, because, since the  
 Queen's unnatural love, that object of conten-  
 tion had been given up. We must not leave this  
 magic subject without observing on the elegance  
 of the *Queen's* figure, and the correct drawing  
 both of her and her lounging Paramour. The  
 whole composition is such a medley of pleasing  
 romantic oddity, as would furnish much more  
 subject for comment than our limits will allow;  
 therefore, look at it, and laugh.

## No. XI.

## MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

## ACT IV. SCENE I.

Painted by Mr. WHEATLEY.

TWO pair of Lovers, having fallen asleep in the dark, without knowing each other's situation, are awaked by *Theseus* and *Hippolita*, who came that way to hunt. The subject is made interesting by the beauty of the Female Figures; and that surely will be allowed by those who can see nothing else to praise in this performance. We may also commend the foliage and landscape.

## No. XII.



## No. XII.

## AS YOU LIKE IT.

## ACT I. SCENE II.

Painted by Mr. DOWNMAN.

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*ROSALIND* giving a chain from off her neck to *Orlando*, who in a wrestling-match has overcome the champion *Charles* (him we see carrying off in the back ground). With the chain, *Rosalind* gives her heart; and that is most happily expressed in this picture. This figure is so eminently beautiful, that we shall take no notice of the rest, except in wishing that *Celia's* hat were *quite* off. The colouring is rather in too dry a manner,

## No. XIII.

## AS YOU LIKE IT.

## ACT II. SCENE I.

Painted by Mr. HODGES, R. A.

THIS Gallery produces three distinct species of Historical Pictures. Those in which the Persons of the Drama constitute the chief object, and the Back Ground is very subordinate: of this class are almost all the Pictures of the upper part of the Room. Of another species are those in which the Scene or Landscape is principal, and the Figures subordinate: of this kind are the Picture before us, and its Companion (No. XVII). And lastly, there is an intermediate species between these two; which, though not so striking in effect, yet often produces a richness and pleasing variety of matter: of this kind are most of those Pictures in the lower part of the Gallery, in which the Figures and Landscape are nearly of equal consequence.

We see here the *melancholy Jaques* moralizing on the scene before him: we are principally to consider the scene itself, where

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“ he lay along  
 “ Under an oak, whose antique root peeps out  
 “ Upon the brook that brawls along this wood;  
 “ To the which place, a poor sequester'd stag,  
 “ That from the hunter's aim had taken hurt,  
 “ Did come to languish.”

---

We



We must next admire the expression so accurately copied from these words :

“ The wretched animal heav’d forth such groans,  
 “ That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat  
 “ Almost to bursting ; and the big round tears  
 “ Cours’d one another down his innocent nose  
 “ In piteous chase ; and thus the hairy fool  
 “ Stood on the extremest verge of the swift brook,  
 “ Augmenting it with tears.” —

Nor must we forget to notice, that

————— “ anon a careless herd,  
 “ Full of the pasture, jumps along by him,  
 “ And never stays to greet him.”

And now having quoted so much of the original, surely any comment must be needless to describe the truth with which the whole is elegantly become an object of our sight.

No. XIV.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

ACT V. SCENE IV.

Painted by Mr. HAMILTON. R. A.

IN No. XI. we saw the birth of a passion, of which we here see the completion. *Rosalind*, turning from the *Duke* her father, to *Orlando*, says,

“ To you I give myself, for I am yours.”

This Picture represents the last Scene of the Play, as written, but not acted; for Shakespeare introduces Hymen, to join four couples, saying,

“ Here ’s eight that must take hands

“ To join in Hymen’s bands.”

In such a situation, Lovers’ joy is very difficult to express; but this is a happy group of happy Characters: and the Landscape is delightful.



## No. XV.

## TAMING OF THE SHREW.

## ACT III. SCENE II.

Painted by Mr. WHEATLEY.

*PETRUCHIO* comes "in a new hat and an  
 " old jerkin, a pair of old breeches thrice  
 " turned; a pair of boots that have been candle-  
 " cases, one buckled, another laced; an old  
 " rusty sword, &c. &c." and having married  
*Katherine*, insists on taking her immediately to  
 his home. Her father and the rest of the com-  
 pany intreat him to dine before he goes: his  
 answer is,

" You that attend on her,  
 " Go to the feast, revel and domineer,  
 " Be mad and merry, or go hang yourselves:  
 " But for my bonny Kate, she must with me:  
 " And here she stands, touch her who dare."

The Ladies must be told, that nothing is so  
 difficult as to preserve beauty with an angry  
 face; yet *Katherine* is here a vixen without  
 being ugly: it was a dangerous experiment.

No. XVI.

## No. XVI.

## WINTER'S TALE.

## ACT II. SCENE III.

Painted by Mr. OPIE, R. A.

*LEONTES*, by unjust fuspicion of his Queen's fidelity, being driven to a jealousy little short of madness, resolves to destroy the daughter of which she has lately been delivered; and makes the good old *Antigonus*

—————“ Swear by his sword  
“ He will perform his bidding.”————

He then enjoins him to take the child “to some  
“ remote and desert place,” and there leave it,

“ Without more mercy, to its own protection,  
“ And favour of the climate.”————

There are few Pictures in the Gallery which can vie with this, in all the requisites of Painting: the effect of light leading the eye immediately to the poor innocent object of the Tyrant's wrath, is wonderful; and the Figure bending over the Babe, comes forward as if it were more than Painting could produce. There is a squareness of attitude in the *Leontes*, which though some may call stiff, they should be told the fault is in the Art, not in the Artist; for firm, resolute inflexibility of character, can only be



be represented to the eye by a certain degree of stiffness. The venerable *Antigonus* seems to drop a tear upon the sword which he is made to kiss. We almost wish his legs had been covered with thinner drapery, that the character of Age might have been preserved through the whole figure.

This Picture alone would justify the hopes that the Gallery will lay the foundation for an English School of Painting, that shall equal, if not surpass, that of all other Countries.

No. XVII.

WINTER'S TALE,

ACT III. SCENE III.

Painted by Mr. HODGES, R. A.

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ANTIGONUS devoured by a Bear, after having exposed the infant Perdita, as he swore to do (See No. XVI). This is meant as a Companion to No. XIII—but, in excellence, it limps behind—“*haud passibus æquis*.”—This is too often the fate of Pictures, painted as Companions to some happy effort of a lucky minute,

No. XVIII.



## No. XVIII.

## WINTER'S TALE.

## ACT IV. SCENE III.

Painted by Mr. WHEATLEY.

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*PERDITA*, the innocent Babe represented in the Picture No. XVI, is now grown up, and, as a Shepherd's Daughter, beloved by the young Prince *Florizel*, who has put on a Shepherd's dress, to do honour to a sheep-shearing. The *King*, his father, with *Camillo*, disguised, are witnesses to the scene; and she is welcoming them as strangers, and giving them flowers suitable to their age;

—————“ Reverend, Sirs,  
 “ For you, there 's Rosemary and Rue: these keep  
 “ Seeming and favour, all the winter long.”

In the back ground is a *Padlar*, with his wares, amusing the Lads and Lasses. The Landscape, the figure of the old Man, and particularly the Dog, make this by far the best Picture of the three painted by this Artist.

No. XIX.

M A C B E T H.

ACT I. SCENE. III.

Painted by Mr. FUSELI.

---

THE three Witches, having hailed Macbeth and Banquo, are here vanishing

“ Into the air; and what seemed corporal, melted  
“ As breath into the wind.”——

In the characters of these imaginary “ bubbles of the earth,” this Artist has indulged the wildness of his fancy, with his usual enthusiastic energy: but he has carried it too far, in the real characters of Macbeth and Banquo; for, although they might be surprised at what they saw, yet Shakespeare’s language gives no warrant for this *extravagance* of action, in the *English* Drama, whatever it might do upon an *Italian Stage*. This censure of an Artist in whose Works there is generally so much to praise, must be allowed, or the BEE’s criticisms would be useless and nugatory.



K I N G J O H N.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Painted by Mr. NORTHCOTE, R. A.

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THE horrid subject needs no explanation—  
Prince *Arthur* pleading for “a pair of eyes,”  
which *Hubert* has sworn

“That with hot irons must he burn them out.”

\* \* \* \* \*

“For Heaven’s sake, *Hubert*! let me not be bound:

“Nay, hear me, *Hubert*! drive these men away,

“And I will sit as quiet as a lamb—”

Poor lamb! how our blood chills as we look  
upon his danger!

The Painter has judiciously hid the face of  
the Wretch who could consent to heat the dread-  
ful instrument: but in the struggle of *Hubert*’s  
soul between his interest and his pity, he has  
done as much as Painting can express: observe  
the convulsing agony of his whole frame, and  
particularly that of the left arm. If there be  
any who are not acquainted with the Play, they  
will thank us for telling them, young *Arthur*  
does not plead in vain.

## No. XXI.

SECOND PART OF  
KING HENRY IV.

## ACT III. SCENE II.

Painted by Mr. DURN O.

THIS Picture has some merit in the comic grotesque Characters of the Recruits, which are brought before Sir John Falstaff and two Justices, to be pricked as Soldiers; and deserves a place in this Collection, to show the variety of style between the present English and Italian Schools: but the Artist, by long residence at Rome, seems to have contracted a hard streaky manner, more resembling the wet drapery of the Ancients, than what we see in Nature.

No. XXII.



## No. XXII.

FIRST PART OF  
KING HENRY VI.

## ACT II. SCENE IV.

Painted by Mr. J. BOYDELL.

IN our comments on No. XIII. we have already remarked the three distinct Manners in which Shakespeare's Subjects are represented in this Gallery. The Picture now before us belongs to what we called the intermediate class, and abounds with excellent matter, both with respect to the Persons and Landscape: it describes that fatal quarrel between *Plantagenet* and *Somerſet*, in which the friends of each declare the part they mean to take, by chooſing different-coloured roſes.

In all works of art, a *unity* of object produces the moſt ſtriking effect: if the Figures are principal, the Landscape is hardly ever attended to: but even amongſt thoſe figures, there muſt be one leading Object; and in Painting, as in Poetry, we expect, generally, the *ſimplex duntaxat et UNUM*.

True genius, however, like that of Shakeſpeare, ſcorns the trammels of artificial bondage; and

and the immortal Bard would not be confined by the Critics' unities of time, place, or action: in like manner, this young Artist voluntarily encounters difficulties, to show he can surmount them. The Subject necessarily requires that two Persons should appear of equal consequence in the Piece, and that these two should be distinctly separated: this is ingeniously effected; for it is hardly possible to say which of the two contending Lords is principal; and though each is so distinctly marked, yet the attention is not unpleasingly divided; because, by a broad mass of light, a sort of artificial *unity* of effect is happily preserved, notwithstanding the contrast of attitudes, action, and drapery; and more especially the contrast in character, between the wrangling *Somerfet*, who swears

“ By him that made me, I'll maintain my words

“ On any plot of ground in Christendom—”

and *Plantagenet*, who more coolly could answer to his abuse,

“ I'll note you in my book of memory;”

and afterwards can check his anger, by reflecting,

“ How I am brav'd, and must perforce endure it.”

Nor must the stern character of the great *Warwick* be passed unnoticed: he seems to prophesy,

———“ this brawl to-day,

“ Grown to this fiction, in the Temple Garden,

“ Shall send between the red rose and the white,

“ A thousand souls to death and deadly night.”

We now proceed to the Landscape part of this Picture. The Scene is the Temple Garden; but



but the Artist was not content with merely introducing a view of the Thames, to identify the spot: he has done more; he has made it subservient to the general effect. The River is evidently ruffled by a gale; and thus the metaphoric contention of the winds and waves adds force to the general idea of disagreement.

The *intention* of the Picture should principally be the object of the Critic's notice: in his works we read a Painter's mind, who often, himself, laments the imbecillity of human nature, that shows us in idea, what is perfection; but, alas! never gives the full power to execute all we conceive: therefore we will pass over trifling errors in this spirited attempt; and rather rejoice to trace and applaud that Soul which induced a *Boydell* to call forth the various Genius of our Country.

## No. XXIII.

SECOND PART OF  
KING HENRY VI.

## ACT III. SCENE III.

Painted by Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS,

President of the Royal Academy.

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WE now come to the masterly performance of the President of the Royal Academy. Were we not already acquainted with his works, this alone would justify the rank he holds amongst his Brethren. This Picture represents a scene the most awful and interesting to human nature: it is a mighty King (Henry VI.) attending the Death-bed of his Uncle, *Cardinal Beaufort*. By the ingenious disposition of light and shadow, the eye of the spectator is immediately directed to the dying Sinner: the attention is rivetted to the subject. We shudder at the excruciating agony of guilt and fear that writhes each limb, and fastens his convulsed and distorted fingers on the bed-clothes; while in his face, averted from the light, we

“ See how the pangs of death do make him grin.”

It



It is difficult to leave this part of the Picture, which is evidently intended to be principal; yet there are other parts which are worth serious attention. The figure and attitude of the King are great, and highly characteristic of what he is supposed to say:

“ Lord, Cardinal! if thou think’st on Heaven’s bliss,  
“ Hold up thy hand—make signal of thy hope.”

With this Picture before us, we need not ask what was the Cardinal’s answer—we see it—

“ He dies, and makes no sign!—O God! forgive him.”

At such a sight who can resist the exclamation—“ Let me die the death of the righteous,  
“ and let my last end be like his!”

In a Work of such exquisite merit, and from such a Pencil, it seemed a duty in the BEE to discover some defect, as an encouragement to younger Artists, and as an example that no mortal can produce perfection: but after examining the expressive countenances of Warwick and Salisbury, who attend the King, then proceeding to the Draperies both of the Bed and Garments, which are admirably contrived to give a general glow of warmth, and richness of effect, and to lead the eye to the principal Action, the BEE almost despaired of finding any fault; till at length, peeping from behind the bolster, he saw the *Devil*, in the character of a *Chimney-sweeper*, waiting for Beaufort’s soul, without a *foot-bag* to put it in. This conceit is beneath the dignity of the Subject and the  
F Artist,

Artist, who, after showing the gnawing Demon of Despair,

—————"The busy, meddling fiend,  
"That lays strong siege unto this wretch's soul,"

so strongly marked in every feature of his guilty face, seems, by the introduction of an hideous Imp, only to tell us, that Sin will make a man uglier than the Devil. Had Shakespeare thought this Evil Spirit necessary, we should have found his name in the *Dramatis Personæ*. Let the Infernal vanish before it is engraved, and then the Bee's sting will have made one Picture perfect.



No. XXIV.

THIRD PART OF  
KING HENRY VI.

ACT V. SCENE VII.

Painted by Mr. NORTHCOTE, R. A.

HERE is an instance that violent action is not necessary for a good Picture: the subject is calm and tame, but not uninteresting; *King Edward* declaring,

“ Once more we sit in England’s royal throne,

“ Re-purchas’d with the blood of enemies;”

and after re-counting the noble deeds of a successful war, enjoying hope of future peace, and saying to his Queen,

“ Come hither, Bess, and let me kiss my boy.”

What an admirable contrast does this picture of happiness make, to that of horror, by the same Artist (No. XX.)! The beauty of the Queen and her Attendants, with the sweet majestic composure of *Edward*, who seems to look

“ farewell, sour annoy!

“ For here, I hope, begins our lasting joy,”

almost make us regret the presence of Gloucester, who looks on the Babe with an evil eye, muttering to himself,

“ I’ll blast his harvest, if your head were laid;

“ For yet I am not look’d on in the world—

“ This shoulder was ordain’d so thick.”

If there be any fault, it is, perhaps, that the light is rather too far extended along the drapery of the Queen.

## No XXV.

## KING RICHARD III.

## ACT III. SCENE I.

Painted by Mr. NORTHCOTE, R. A.

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This presents us with the first meeting, after their Father's death, between the *Prince of Wales* and his Brother the *Duke of York*. The latter has been brought, with some reluctance, by the *Archbishop* and *Lord Hastings*, to be placed under the care of their Uncle, *Glocester*, who, with a malicious anticipation of his future wicked purposes, rejoices to see them in his power, and welcomes the sweet Boy with the hypocritic cant of

“ How fares our Cousin, noble Lord of York ? ”

We may observe the innocent salutation of the Children; and the contrast between the villainy of *Glocester*, and the manly openness of *Lord Hastings*: this latter we must not silently pass over. The whole Figure is exquisitely managed; but the left elbow is one of those wondrous efforts in the Art of Painting, that make us doubt whether we may believe our eyes. The *Archbishop*, with uplifted looks, seems prophetically to lament the fate which befell these little Innocents, and which we shall have occasion to speak of at No. XXVII.

(No. XXVI. being the same Subject as the preceding, treated with equal skill, though on a smaller scale, by the same Artist, no comment is necessary).

No. XXVII.



No. XXVII.

KING RICHARD III.

ACT IV. SCENE III.

Painted by Mr. NORTHCOTE, R. A.

HERE we are made spectators of

“ The most arch deed of piteous massacre

“ That ever yet this land was guilty of—”

the two Royal Children murdered in the Tower,  
as they lay

“ girdling one another

“ Within their alabaster innocent arms.”

Sure, had the Children looked like these, *Dighton*  
and *Forrest* could not have perpetrated

“ this piece of ruthless butchery,

“ Albeit they were flesh'd villains—bloody dogs—”

for having done the deed, they might well  
declare,

“ We smother'd

“ The most replenish'd sweet work of Nature,

“ That from the prime creation e'er she fram'd.”

Indeed the whole of this Picture deserves that  
the last two lines should be applied to it, with  
the alteration of the word *Nature* for *Art*.

No. XXVIII.

No. XXVIII.

## TITUS ANDRONICUS.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Painted by Mr. KIRK.

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THIS Play, which by some able judges is not allowed to have been produced by Shakespeare, is of so horrid a nature, that it is little known; and the Artist's delicacy, in concealing the bloody stumps of *Lavinia*, (whose hands have been chopped off and tongue cut out) will rather tend to render the story more obscure: she is pursuing young *Lucius*, who, not understanding what she wants, is afraid of her: and this fear is evident in the Picture. When we know the story, it becomes disgusting; and till we know it, there is little interest excited: yet, as the early attempt of a young Artist, we must commend a classic elegance in the draperies, and some good drawing in many of the figures.

No. XXIX.



## No. XXIX.

## K I N G L E A R.

## ACT I. SCENE I.

Painted by Mr. FUSELI.

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*LEAR*, having listened with pleasure to the fulsome protestations of love from his two elder Daughters, is disappointed that his favorite *Cordelia* should qualify her expressions of attachment, by saying,

———“ Haply when I shall wed,  
 “ That Lord whose hand must take my plight, shall  
 “ carry  
 “ Half my love with him, half my care and duty.”

He flies into a most outrageous passion, and swears to banish her for ever. The faithful *Kent* interposes, but in vain; and he is repulsed with,

———“ Peace, Kent!  
 “ Come not between the Dragon and his wrath.”

And afterwards he again cautions him in these words:

“ The bow is bent and drawn—make from the shaft.”

Such is the story: and in this Picture we are rather to look for the Painter's meaning, than  
 what

what the Canvas has expressed; and in this view we should declare, this is one of the boldest effusions of a daring pencil. *Lear's* rage; *Kent's* intreaty; the wicked indifference of the two sisters, in one of which we read ambition, in the other lasciviousness; all deserve attention. It is dangerous to recommend moderation where so much fire displays itself: but what we observed in the Italian attitudes of No. XIX. is in some measure applicable to *Cordelia*.

Shakespeare makes her bear her fate in silence; therefore the violence here represented is not warranted by the text. But there is an enthusiastic ardour in this astonishing Artist, which, while it delights, will sometimes "o'erstep the modest bounds of nature;" or, is it not surprising, that in one whose drawing is generally so correct, we should always see the fingers bent back, to a degree which few hands can ever reach? Yet after all, we had rather look on the extravagant failings of such an Artist, than the cold correctness of many, who have no enthusiasm to hurry them from a servile copying of Nature.

No. XXX.



No. XXX.

## K I N G L E A R.

ACT III. SCENE IV.

Painted by Mr. WEST, R. A.

Historical Painter to His Majesty.

IN the works of this great Master, detraction seems to have kept full pace with his progressive excellence; and the wit so often lavished on his Pictures, in undeserved censure, has served to spread the poison, making its venom palatable.

The scene is a Hovel, into which *King Lear* and his *Fool* are persuaded, by his faithful servant *Kent*, to retreat, to take shelter from the dreadful storm. The moment chosen, is that where *Glocester* enters with a torch, and finds his Royal Master in a fit of madness, tearing off his clothes, just after having said these words to *Edgar*, who lies half-naked in the corner:

“ Here be three of us that are sophisticated: thou art the thing itself. Unaccommodated man is no more but such a poor, bare, forked animal as thou art,—Off, off, you lendings:—Come, unbutton here.”

True Connoisseurs will discover admirable contrivance in the distribution and contrast of the figures; and correctness in the design, need not to them be mentioned. Yet, had these been less attended to, the expression of each countenance would fully compensate for any trivial blemish. Who can look upon the melting features of the venerable *Kent*, bedewed with tears and rain, without sympathising in his sorrow? But the

most astonishing part of this Picture, is seen in the contrasted degrees of real or assumed madness. Observe the frantic rage of the good old King; the arch leer of the *Fool*, crouching under *Glocester*; and the sullen artful countenance of *Edgar*, who sees and knows his father, from whom he is disguised under fictitious insanity—yet with such nice observance of what Shakespeare wrote, that it is hard to say, whether this madness be counterfeit, or, by long feigning, whether it is not in some degree become habitual.

After calling the attention to the various excellencies of this Piece, the *BEE* will anticipate the criticism of those who delight to attack the colouring of this Artist. It is difficult at first to say by what light the action is represented: if by that of day, the story is ill told, and the torch is useless: if in the night, the light of a single torch cannot be adequate to such great effect; besides, the strong glare of blue in the sky is then unnatural. If we suppose a sudden flash of lightning yields the light, then would the flame of the torch become invisible. Thus are we reduced to the necessity of confessing, the blue sky, contrasted with the red of *Glocester's* drapery, makes the general effect hard and gaudy, without warmth or richness; and the picture seems to have been coloured after the manner of some good Painters of Italy, rather than after what is ever seen in Nature. But when we reflect of how little consequence is colour, compared with the other requisites in which this Picture abounds, we shall be satisfied with observing, that the Print will be without a single fault.



## No. XXXI.

## K I N G L E A R.

## ACT V. SCENE III.

Painted by Mr. BARRY, R. A.

Professour of Painting to the Royal Academy.

PERHAPS no Artist in this kingdom can better describe what he would represent than Mr. Barry: witness his great Performances at the Adelphi. He has here chosen that dreadful scene, when Lear enters with the dead body of Cordelia:

“ Howl! howl! howl! howl! O you are men of stones!

————— “ O she is gone for ever!”

The figures are classically habited; and those removing the dead bodies, are admirably drawn. The landscape; representing a Camp near Dover, when Druidical Temples might be supposed standing, is beautifully managed. On the whole, it will make a complete Engraving: but that unnatural colouring which discovers itself in this Artist's works, makes Lear's hair a solid mass of alabaster; and some Wits will perhaps repeat the words of Lear, and say—“ O you are men of stone!”—But let them reflect, that colouring, however beautiful, is the least requisite of a good Picture; and, for those intended for Engravings, it is of no consequence at all.

No. XXXII.

## ROMEO AND JULIET.

ACT I. SCENE V.

Painted by Mr. MILLER.

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DURING the Masquerade, *Romeo*, in the habit a of Pilgrim, first sees *Juliet*, and falls in love with her: on the other side of the piece, *Tibbalt* and *Capulet* dispute whether *Romeo* should be permitted to continue at the ball: in the back ground we see Dancers, &c. This Picture is of the class we called intermediate; but forms a pleasing variety to those of that description, by presenting a rich scenery of Architecture, instead of Landscape, for the back ground. It is a busy, pleasing spectacle of elegance and mirth.

No. XXXIII.



No. XXXIII.

## ROMEO AND JULIET.

ACT IV. SCENE V.

Painted by Mr. OPIE, R. A.

*JULIET*, having drunk the draught prepared by the *Friar*, is here supposed to be dead: *Paris*, her intended bridegroom, is bending over her; *Lady Capulet* and her Husband stand inconsolable; while the *Friar*, stretching forth his hand, checks their immoderate grief, with

“Peace, ho! for shame! Confusion’s cure lives not  
 “In these confusions: Heaven and yourself  
 “Had part in this fair maid: now Heaven hath all,  
 “And all the better is it for the maid.”

The exquisite contrivance by which the lifeless Juliet is made the leading object of the Piece, while every other keeps its proper place with full effect and expression, cannot be too much admired. We must here observe, too, that by the great breadth of shade on one side of the Picture, and bringing all his lights to the other, and not so much as usual towards the centre, this Artist seems to have scorned the servile accommodation of what is generally called Balance of Light and Shade: nor do we perceive the Picture to be the worse for the bold attempt. In point of effect, it is all that one could wish.

No. XXXIV.

## No. XXXIV.

H A M L E T,  
PRINCE OF DENMARK.

## ACT I. SCENE IV.

Painted by Mr. FUSELI.

THE spirit which dictated the Scene here represented, seems to have guided the enthusiastic pencil of the Artist: the whole Picture is in a great style of sublimity and horror: the sombre colouring freezes the blood with awe: in the *Ghost* we see

———“ that fair and warlike form,  
“ In which the Majesty of buried Denmark  
“ Did some time march.——”

The struggle of *Hamlet* to break from *Horatio*, has given opportunity of displaying the Painter's knowledge in Anatomy: even through the drapery, the exertion of every limb seems to confirm the words of *Hamlet*, where he says,

———“ My fate cries out,  
“ And makes each petty artery in this body  
“ As hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve.  
“ Still I am call'd—Unhand me, gentlemen—  
“ By heaven, I'll make a ghost of him that lets me.—

From the ingenious position of the Moon behind the helmet, we are delighted with its beams, whether dimly playing on the distant waves, or glittering with strong catching lights on the armour of the *Ghost*.



# I N D E X.

| No. |                         |                   | <i>Painted by</i>         |
|-----|-------------------------|-------------------|---------------------------|
| 1   | The Tempest             | - - Act 4. Sc. 1. | —Mr. Wright, of Derby,    |
| 2   | Merry Wives of Windsor  | 2                 | 1 —Rev. Mr. Peters, R. A. |
| 3   | Ditto                   | - - - - - 4       | 2 —Mr. Durno.             |
| 4   | Measure for Measure     | - - - - - 5       | 1 —Mr. Kirk.              |
| 5   | Comedy of Errors        | - - - - - 5       | 1 —Mr. Rigaud, R. A.      |
| 6   | Much ado about Nothing  | 3                 | 1 —Rev. Mr. Peters, R. A. |
| 7   | Ditto                   | - - - - - 4       | 1 —Mr. Hamilton, R. A.    |
| 8   | Ditto                   | - - - - - 4       | 2 —Mr. Smirk, R. A.       |
| 9   | Love's Labour Lost      | - - - - - 4       | 1 —Mr. Hamilton, R. A.    |
| 10  | Midsummer-Night's Dream | 4                 | 1 —Mr. Fufeli.            |
| 11  | Ditto                   | - - - - - 4       | 1 —Mr. Wheatley.          |
| 12  | As You Like it          | - - - - - 1       | 2 —Mr. Downman.           |
| 13  | Ditto                   | - - - - - 2       | 1 —Mr. Hodges, R. A.      |
| 14  | Ditto                   | - - - - - 5       | 4 —Mr. Hamilton, R. A.    |
| 15  | Taming of the Shrew     | - - - - - 3       | 2 —Mr. Wheatley.          |
| 16  | Winter's Tale           | - - - - - 2       | 3 —Mr. Opie, R. A.        |
| 17  | Ditto                   | - - - - - 3       | 3 —Mr. Hodges, R. A.      |
| 18  | Ditto                   | - - - - - 4       | 3 —Mr. Wheatley.          |
| 19  | Macbeth                 | - - - - - 1       | 3 —Mr. Fufeli.            |
| 20  | King John               | - - - - - 4       | 1 —Mr. Northcote, R. A.   |
| 21  | Henry IV. Part II.      | - - - - - 3       | 3 —Mr. Durno.             |
| 22  | Henry VI. Part I.       | - - - - - 2       | 4 —Mr. J. Boydell.        |
| 23  | Henry VI. Part II.      | - - - - - 3       | 3 —Sir J. Reynolds, R. P. |
| 24  | Henry VI. Part III.     | - - - - - 5       | 7 —Mr. Northcote, R. A.   |
| 25  | Richard III.            | - - - - - 3       | 1 —Ditto                  |
| 26  |                         | - - - - - 4       | 3 —Ditto                  |
| 27  | Ditto                   | - - - - - 4       | 1 —Mr. Kirk.              |
| 28  | Titus Andronicus        | - - - - - 1       | 1 —Mr. Fufeli.            |
| 29  | King Lear               | - - - - - 3       | 4 —Mr. West, R. A.        |
| 30  | Ditto                   | - - - - - 5       | 3 —Mr. Barry, R. A.       |
| 31  | Ditto                   | - - - - - 1       | 5 —Mr. Miller.            |
| 32  | Romeo and Juliet        | - - - - - 4       | 5 —Mr. Opie, R. A.        |
| 33  | Ditto                   | - - - - - 1       | 4 —Mr. Fufeli.            |
| 34  | Hamlet                  | - - - - - 1       |                           |

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